

Shal. If it be confessed, it is not redressed; is not that so (*Ma. Page*?) he hath wrong'd me, indeed he hath, at a word he hath: beleue me, *Robert Shallow* Esquire, faith he is wronged.

Ma. Pa. Here comes Sir *John*.

Fal. Now, Master *Shallow*, you'll complaine of me to the King?

Shal. Knight, you haue beaten my men, kill'd my deere, and broke open my Lodge.

Fal. But not kifs'd your Keepers daughter?

Shal. Tut, a pin: this shall be answer'd.

Fal. I will answer it strait, I haue done all this: That is now answer'd.

Shal. The Councell shall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you if it were known in councell: you'll be laugh'd at.

En. Paucaverba; (*Sir John*) good worts.

Fal. Good worts? good Cabidge; *Slender*, I broke your head: what matter haue you against me?

Slen. Marry sir, I haue matter in my head against you, and against your cony-catching Raicalls, *Bardolf*, *Nym*, and *Pistol*.

Bar. You Banbery Cheefe.

Slen. I, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, *Mephostophilus*?

Slen. I, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say; *paucaverba*: Slice, that's my humor.

Slen. Where's *Simple* my man? can you tell, *Cofen*?

Ena. Peace, I pray you: now let vs vnderstand; there is three Vmpires in this matter, as I vnderstand; that is, Master *Page* (fidelicet Master *Page*), & there is my selfe, (fidelicet my selfe) and the three party is (lastly, and finally) mine Host of the Gater.

Ma. Pa. We three to hear it, & end it between them.

Euan. Ferry goo't, I will make a priefe of it in my note-booke, and we wil afterwards orke vpon the cause, with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. *Pistol*.

Pist. He heares with eares.

Euan. The Teuill and his Tam: what phraze is this? he heares with eare? why, it is affectations.

Fal. *Pistol*, did you picke *M. Slenders* purse?

Slen. I, by these gloues did hee, or I would I might neuer come in mine owne great chamber againe else, of seauen groates in mill-fixpences, and two *Edward* Shouelboords, that cost me two shilling and two pence a peece of *Yead Miller*: by these gloues.

Fal. Is this true, *Pistol*?

Euan. No, it is false, if it is a picke-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountaine Forreyner: Sir *John*, and Master mine, I combat challenge of this Latine Bilboe: word of deniall in thy labras here; word of deniall; froth, and scum thou lieft.

Slen. By these gloues, then 'twas he.

Nym. Beauis'd sir, and passe good humours: I will say marry trap with you, if you runne the nut-hooks humor on me, that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then he in the red face had it: for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunke, yet I am not altogether an asse.

Fal. What say you *Scarlet*, and *John*?

Bar. Why sir, (for my part) I say the Gentleman had drunke himselfe out of his five sentences.

En. It is his five sences: fie, what the ignorance is.

Bar. And being sap, sir, was (as they say) casheerd: and so conclusions past the Car-eires.

Slen. I, you spake in Latten then to: but 'tis no matter; Ile nere be drunk whilst I liue againe, but in honest, ciuill, godly company for this tricke: if I be drunke, Ile be drunke with those that haue the feare of God, and not with drunken knaues.

Euan. So got-udge me, that is a vertuons minde.

Fal. You heare all these matters deni'd, Gentlemen; you heare it.

Mr. Page. Nay daughter, carry the wine in, wee'll drinke within.

Slen. Oh heauen: This is Mistrisse *Anne Page*.

Mr. Page. How now Mistris *Ford*?

Fal. Mistris *Ford*, by my troth you are very wel met: by your leaue good Mistris.

Mr. Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome: come, we haue a hot Venison pasty to dinner; Come gentlemen, I hope we shall drinke downe all vnkindnesse.

Slen. I had rather then forty shillings I had my booke of Songs and Sonnets heere: How now *Simple*, where haue you beene? I must wait on my selfe, must I? you haue not the booke of Riddles about you, haue you?

Sim. Booke of Riddles? why did you not lend it to *Alice Short-cake* vpon *Alhallowmas* last, a fortnight afore *Michaelmas*.

Shal. Come *Coz*, come *Coz*, we stay for you: a word with you *Coz*: marry this, *Coz*: there is as 'twere a tender, a kinde of tender, made a farre-off by Sir *Hugh* here: doe you vnderstand me?

Slen. I sir, you shall finde me reasonable; if it be so, I shall doe that that is reason.

Shal. Nay, but vnderstand me.

Slen. So I doe sir.

Euan. Giue eare to his motions; (*Mr. Slender*) I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will doe as my *Cozen Shallow* saies: I pray you pardon me, he's a Iustice of Peace in his Countrie, simple though I stand here.

Euan. But that is not the question: the question is concerning your marriage.

Shal. I, there's the point Sir.

En. Marry is it: the very point of it, to *Mr. An Page*.

Slen. Why if it be so; I will marry her vpon any reasonable demands.

En. But can you affection the 'o-man, let vs command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips: for diuers Philosophers hold, that the lips is parcell of the mouth: therefore precisely, can you carry your good wil to y maid?

Sh. *Cofen Abraham Slender*, can you loue her?

Slen. I hope sir, I will do as it shall become one that would doe reason.

En. Nay, got's Lords, and his Ladies, you must speake possitable, if you can carry-her your desires towards her.

Shal. That you must:

Will you, (vpon good dowry) marry her?

Slen. I will doe a greater thing then that, vpon your request (*Cofen*) in any reason.

Shal. Nay conceiue me, conceiue mee, (*sweet Coz*): what I doe is to pleasure you (*Coz*): can you loue the maid?

Slen. I will marry her (*Sir*) at your request; but if there bee no great loue in the beginning, yet Heauen may decrease it vpon better acquaintance, when wee are married, and haue more occasion to know one another: I hope vpon familiarity will grow more content: but if you say marry-her, I will marry-her, that I am freely dissolued, and dissolutely.

En. It

En. It is a fery discetion-answer; saue the fall is in the ord, dissolutely: the ord is (according to our meaning) resolutely: his meaning is good.

Sh. I: I thinke my *Cofen* meant well.

Sl. I, or else I would I might be hang'd (la.)

Sh. Here comes faire Mistris *Anne*; would I were yong for your sake, Mistris *Anne*.

An. The dinner is on the Table, my Father desires your worships company.

Sh. I will wait on him, (faire Mistris *Anne*.)

En. Od's plessed-wil: I wil not be absēce at the grace.

An. Wil't please your worship to come in, Sir?

Sl. No, I thank you forsooth, hartely; I am very well.

An. The dinner attends you, Sir.

Sl. I am not a-hungry, I thanke you, forsooth: goe, Sirha, for all you are my man, goe wait vpon my *Cofen Shallow*: a Iustice of peace sometime may be beholding to his friend, for a Man; I keepe but three Men, and a Boy yet, till my Mother be dead: but what though, yet I liue like a poore Gentleman borne.

An. I may not goe in without your worship: they will not sit till you come.

Sl. I faith, ile eate nothing: I thanke you as much as though I did.

An. I pray you Sir walke in.

Sl. I had rather walke here (I thanke you) I brui'd my shinth' other day, with playing at Sword and Dagger with a Master of Fence (three venays for a dish of stew'd Prunes) and by my troth, I cannot abide the sinell of hot meate since. Why doe your dogs barke so? be there Beares ith' Towne?

An. I thinke there are, Sir, I heard them talk'd of.

Sl. I loue the sport well, but I shall as soone quarrell at it, as any man in *England*: you are afraid if you see the Beare loose, are you not?

An. I indeede Sir.

Sl. That's meate and drinke to me now: I haue scene *Sacker* loose, twenty times, and haue taken him by the Chaine: but (I warrant you) the women haue so eride and shrekt at it, that it past: But women indeede, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-fauour'd rough things.

Ma. Pa. Come, gentle *M. Slender*, come; we stay for you.

Sl. Ile eate nothing, I thanke you Sir.

Ma. Pa. By cocke and pie, you shall not choose, Sir: come, come.

Sl. Nay, pray you lead the way.

Ma. Pa. Come on, Sir.

Sl. Mistris *Anne*: your selfe shall goe first.

An. Not I Sir, pray you keepe on.

Sl. Truly I will not goe first: truly-la: I will not doe you that wrong.

An. I pray you Sir, rather be vnmanly, then troublesome: you doe your selfe wrong indeede-la. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Euan, and Simple.
En. Go your waies, and aske of *Doctor Caius* house, which is the way; and there dwels one Mistris *Quickly*; which is in the manner of his Nurse; or his dry-Nurse; or his Cooke; or his Laundry; his Washer, and his Ringer.

Sl. Well Sir.

En. Nay, it is petter yet: giue her this letter; for it is a'oman that altogethers acquaintace with Mistris *Anne Page*; and the Letter is to desire, and require her to solite your Masters desires, to Mistris *Anne Page*: I pray you be gon: I will make an end of my dinner; ther's *Pippins* and Cheefe to come. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaffe, Host, Bardolfe, Nym, Pistol, Page.

Fal. Mine Host of the Garter?

Ho. What saies my Bully Rooke? speake schollerly, and wisely.

Fal. Truly mine Host; I must turne away some of my followers.

Ho. Discard, (bully *Hercules*) casheere; let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a weeke.

Ho. Thou'rt an Emperor (*Cesar*, *Keiser* and *Pheazar*) I will entertaine *Bardolfe*: he shall draw; he shall rap; said I well (bully *Hector*)?

Fa. Doe so (good mine Host).

Ho. I haue spoke: let him follow: let me see thee froth, and liue: I am at a word: follow.

Fal. *Bardolfe*, follow him: a *Tapster* is a good trade: an old Cloake, makes a new Jerkin: a wither'd Scruing-man, a fresh *Tapster*: goe, adew.

Ba. It is a life that I haue desir'd: I will thrue.

Pist. O base hungarian wight: wilt y the spigot wield.

Ni. He was gotten in drink: is not the humor co'ceited?

Fal. I am glad I am so acquit of this Tinderbox: his Thefts were too open: his filching was like an vnskillfull Singer, he kept not time.

Ni. The good humor is to steale at a minutes rest.

Pist. Conuay: the wife it call: Steale? soh: a fico for the phraze.

Fal. Well sirs, I am almost out at heeles.

Pist. Why then let Kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy: I must conicatch, I must shift.

Pist. Yong *Rauens* must haue foode.

Fal. Which of you know *Ford* of this Towne?

Pist. I ken the wight: he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest Lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now *Pistol*: (Indeede I am in the waste two yards about: but I am now about no waste: I am about thrift) briefly: I doe meane to make loue to *Ford's* wife: I spie entertainment in her: shee discourtes: shee carues: she giues the leere of inuitation: I can construe the action of her famillier stile; & the hardest voice of her behavior (to be english'd rightly) is, I am Sir *John Falstaff*.

Pist. He hath studied her will; and translated her will: out of honesty, into English.

Ni. The Anchor is deepe: will that humor passe?

Fal. Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husbands Purse: he hath a legend of Angels.

Pist. As many diuels entertaine: and to her Boy say I.

Ni. The humor rises: it is good: humor me the angels.

Fal. I haue writ me here a letter to her: & here another to *Pages* wife, who euen now gaue mee good eyes too; examin'd my parts with most iudicious illiads: sometimes the beame of her view, guilded my foote: sometimes my portly belly.

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Pist.